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POEMS

by

OLIVER ORCHARD



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POEMS

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

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BY

OLIVER ORCHARD

LONDON

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, LIMITED

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BALACLAVA.

For ages and for ages did the sympathetic crowd
Assemble round the rhapsodist as he declaimed
aloud

The epic ballads of engagements on the battle-
field

Of those who made the fierce attack and those
who failed to yield.

For thus the poet's work was known before he
learned to use

The style that at a later date his verses did dif-
fuse.

From this we learn how warlike was the muse of
olden days,

Though love and beauty were not lost on those
who won the bays.

Long wars in full detail did not their skill so
much attract

As concentrated struggles, or some isolated act.

Old Homer singeth little of the fighting of the
multitude,

Of myrmidons who sailed to aid their chieftains
in the deadly feud.

The common mind conceiveth best a contest in a
narrow pale :

At Balaclava many fought ; but yet it is a single
tale.

Impatient in their saddles sat the Light
Dragoons that day

To see let slip a golden chance of joining in a
fray :

The heavy men had met the foe, and made them
wheel about,

And that defeat the Lancers could have turn'd
into a rout.

What orders he might give my Lord had never
learned aright ;

So Cardigan rebuffed the men, who begged to
join the fight.

That leader was himself chagrined to think he
was not free ;

But hobbled was he only by his own stupidity.

In him ineptitude had gained by jobbery a high
command :

What lack just then there was of one, who could
discern a chance at hand.

This loss of verdant laurels were the squadrons
 vexed to see,
 But soon from further error came their opportunity.

“Some one had blundered.” So the great Pindaric bard declared.

It rather seems that many simpletons that blunder shared—

The sender of the message, the receiver, and the bearer too,

Whose inexactitude and lack of care begat the coming woe.

Hilarious Comedy was on the field as well as Tragedy:

Stupidity and ignorance make merriment for those who see.

The hasty Nolan made a movement of his arm rhetorical,

And that was thought to indicate the spot on which the blow should fall.

A compass out a score degrees will send a vessel to the land:

A misdirection wide as that was taken from that flourished hand!

They were to save spiked English guns, that were within the captured fort:

But they were sent for Russian guns : and dearly
was their seizure bought.

Begotten thus that tactically mad heroic raid,
That bred the sorrowful reproach—" You've lost
the Light Brigade."

The Chevalier, who brought the message from
the Chieftain, saw too late

How futilely those gallant men were hasting to
their lethal fate.

He sought with his extended arm to bring them
to a stay :

But Death the handful in his sickle claimed, and
hurried him away.

They did not see his signal meant that they were
going wrong :

A shriek was all they heard before his corpse
fell them among.

As speeds the raging torrent down its rough
eroded bed

When clouds have poured a deluge on the region
round its head :

Or as sometimes a mass of water-loosened land
will glide

With terrible momentum down some noble
mountain's side :

So ardently upon his cocktail mount raced on
 each bold dragoon,
 Hussar and Lancer: by his duty sent, and his
 reward renown.

He closed his eyes: the cannon was in front: the
 match applied:
 He opened them to see an empty saddle by his
 side.

The bullet missed, although the musket in his
 ear did roar.

Ivan, that was an erring aim, that many did
 deplore—

Your father and your mother, if alive they still
 might be,

Nor less the village maiden, whom you never
 more would see.

Descends the fatal answer from th' inexorable
 steel

Too speedily, too forcibly, its bitterness to feel.

That sword had oft been curious to know the
 reason why

It had been made, and whether glory was its
 destiny.

Its pride would never let it think that all its
 work was done

When admiration it had bred by gleaming in
the sun.

Discovered in a moment is its appetite for gore :
Then ragèd it as though it were a new Excalibur.

So dealt they death around the guns ; but many
stayed not there :

Back drave they swarms of cavalry, though few
the British were.

They could but kill, and kill, and kill, and then
go back again ;

They could not carry off the guns, and so to stay
was vain.

Their fury told Liprandi that our troopers must
be drunk :

'Twas new unto that Muscovite there were such
men of spunk.

But not their fast the men, who broke his ranks,
had broken when

With stedfastness they galloped half a league
along the glen.

The force they fought with was their own. The
supernatural,

That often mars a fight in ancient tales, not there
at all.

So no St. George, St. Patrick, or St. Andrew flew
about

To help the stalwart islanders the enemy to rout.
Had they been there, they would have heard, 'tis
said, with shocked surprise

Black sanctuses, that are, presumably, not
uttered in the skies.

“It is magnificent, but is not war,” was said by
one,

Who could not think the glory for the losses
would atone.

Nor could it then. But when such telling
fierceness is displayed,

It is a priceless record, making blusterers afraid.

“Here come the Balaclava men,” some future
foe may say:

“We will return, and cross our swords with
theirs another day.”

THE COLLIE.

AT nightfall by a shepherd and his dog
Their care was being urged across a moor,
To gain protection under homestead walls,
And feast onavings from the threshing
floor.

In close array the social company
With customary calm was jogging on,
When suddenly without apparent cause
Beyond poor Colin's vision all were gone.

How panic oft will seize their timid charge
Is known to all the votaries of Pan.
Tripartite fled this drove amidst the gloom,
And left their herd a miserable man.

Not one of all the three skedaddling troops
Could he with his efficient eyes discern.
All search in vain : perforce he must alone
Reluctantly his footsteps homeward turn.

His dreams, when sleep fast held his eyelids
down,

No comfort brought him, for they were but
ill :

But proverbs say, bad dreams betoken good ;

And that befel him from another's skill.

No quest was necessary at the dawn ;

But gladsome was the scene that met his
sight :

The strays all rounded up showed him how well

His collie, supperless, had spent the night.

The civic dwelling, or pretentious hall

The collie's proper habitat is not.

No false appraisements cause him to prefer

The pompous mansion to the lowly cot :

Though he need never fear to stand beside

The finest objects in a house bedecked.

Full oft its owner may : whose boasted style

May detrimentally himself affect.

The collie's beauty lowers, like the art,

The faces of the middling and the cheap,

To such 'tis said—" You'd better let him go

And chevy to the fold egregious sheep."

The collie's place is on cretaceous hills,
 That have to rolling downs been waterworn ;
 Or richer valleys lying in between,
 Whereon the winter's fare of roots is borne :

On wilds to which no boundary is known
 Except the never country further yet,
 Where o'er the spacious run he'll guide his
 flocks,
 And where confinement ne'er will make him
 fret :

Where he at his appropriate task may pant,
 His inborn bent pursuing eagerly,
 Not made to undergo a lackey's part,
 Depressèd by the long insipid day.

A collie's paw should not a carpet know
 Except he jump upon a crowded drove,
 When those, whose heels are furthest from his
 teeth,
 Unheedful of his threats refuse to move.

Whene'er I see him by his beauty sunk
 To *sine dignitate otium*,
 I long to shift him, in the day to fields,
 At night to Corydon's sufficient home.

FRENCH HONOR.

“Lay down that imitation of a manly weapon,
boy:

Beat not the drum; nor blow the fife; but seek
a girlish toy.

Thy folk have seen the foe stride o'er their soil
these many years,

And are withheld from seizing on their own by
dastard fears.

It looks not well a craven's progeny should swag-
ger thus:

So play a game more suited to a breed
degenerous.”

Such taunts may seem to have a spring in
cruelty,

T' arise from exultation in another's woe. But
see

The ways of this humiliated people: what they
do

Whilst trembling at the voice of that buffoon,
who shouteth so.

'Tis not that they, forgetful of the Battle of the Nile,

In Egypt seek in jealousy a goodly work to spoil :

'Tis not that phase of foolishness that makes one cry them base,

But striking at the weak the while the strong they cannot face.

“ Yes, boy, you may resume your military game :
but seek

Some *enfant* to maltreat, that's relatively small and weak.

A nation lacking strength and skill that child would represent,

And you the great and gallant force on her subjection bent.”

In Madagascar was a race for liberty could yearn,
But how to keep it, arms in hand, incompetent to learn.

So there false feigning favorers of freedom did succeed

In making Malagasy for their liberty to bleed.

Then filching from the Siamese, how easily 'tis done :

No peril, as in trying to wrest back the German
bone.

Cut, France's victims, on your rocks and trees,
"Alsace," "Lorraine,"

The sight of which might make the landing
thief sail home again.

THE ALGONQUIN.

THE enterprising owner of a woolly flock in
France
The value of its produce was determined to
enhance.
So cast his ewes some lambs, that showed the
very costly blood
Of Islanders, who their consent had seasonably
wooded.
Then deemed Bonhomme that thus a gainful
change organical
Had been established in his grey autochthones
once for all.
But no. Experience taught him that the issue
was not thus,
When foreign blood contended with the blood
indigenous.
Not many generations had adorned his gregal
cote
Before the strain exotic had been bred com-
pletely out.

And so in time a very old established human
race,

That's mixed with blood intrusive, will that
newer blood displace.

As ancient faiths, supposed to be supplanted by
some newer cult,

Soon hold the field again, a change of names
alone the last result.

The typic countenances of the Yankees demon-
strate

How freely with the Indian squaw their ancestors
did mate.

They carry in their bodies now the aborigines,
Whose seed will fill the land again the poet
prophecies.

Meanwhile the Algonquin having there imbued
the Aryan,

Submissive nations find more virulent their
blood-thirst than

Is common in a white community without a
cause.

(Though doubtless to be over-looked that nation
much abhors.)

Now may they ever slake that thirst at home
amongst themselves, as once before,
That messages of rowdy insolence may reach the
meek this side the sea no more.

MEANNESS.

IF now a prize for meanness and ingratitude to
kin

Were offered, which of all our colonies the sum
would win?

They all attempt to beat the record of America,
When France, subdued by British arms, she did
no longer fear.

Protected from the Dutch, South Africa, and
from the German clown.

By Japs and Chinamen Australia might be over-
flown.

For war New Zealand deeply dipped her hand
into the English purse.

And Canada the same: and in the future may
do worse.

A vastly valuable prior claim to Tasman's isle
we lost

When clamour led us to withhold our convicts
from that ugly coast.

To carry on *their* wars, oh, what a mighty mass
of gold

The colonies have drawn from Home could be
by records told.

And now the niggards yearly offer us a sum so
small

For their defence, t'would better look, if it were
none at all.

A quarter of a million from the lot! Just think
how base!

No more than that to help the great protector of
the race!

And all the while they keep on piling up their
debts immense—

The money spent on works amongst themselves
with little sense.

Their breasts know nought of honor, justice,
gratitude, or love,

Or they possession of such feelings by their acts
would prove.

Tenfold, nay, twenty, thirty, forty-fold as much
they'd give

As now they do, if they'd for decent reputation
strive.

PAST AGES.

ARCHAIC man by Hesiod was told,
The pristine human age was one of *Gold*.
To us research in recent times has shown,
That verifiably it was of stone.
But bards for knowledge look not much around :
In fancy they believe it to be found.
(’Tis said, however, Hesiod got his lore
From Hindustan, where it was taught before.)
But though the haloed man in fact was wrong,
I think the error better was for song.
This by the way. We find then in his page
That *Silver* symbolised the second age.
When into shade that emblem had to pass,
Its place was taken by the blended *Brass*.
Then came an age, that had no metal stamp :
A time, it seems, of *Heroes* on the ramp.
The color of the poet’s time was grey ;
For *Iron* was the metal came to stay.
The golden age alone of all was blest ;
By dreadful ills the others were oppressed.

Eight centuries had passed, or nearly so,
 When Ovid's pen retold the tale of woe.
 I take it both these bards were wrong to say
 The newest eon drove the old away.
 Though each in turn predominant might be,
 Its rivals sank not into nullity.
 Old ages have a way of staying on
 When younger eras wish that they were gone.

Maybe that Naso thought his metals four
 Would end the roll, and there would be no more.
 He knew no facts from which he could surmise,
 A time of *Lead* from eastern lands would rise :
 That Rome, the centre of his world would be
 The nucleus of mental tyranny.
 Yet so it was. For twice five-hundred years
 Free play of thought from Europe disappears ;
 Or nearly so. *Dark Ages* is the phrase,
 By which we designate those nighted days.
 " You mustn't think, but listen to what's said."
 So spake Authority, e'en now, alas, not dead.

Renascence came. The men of clearest sight
 Cast off the leaden load with vast delight.
 They thought that daybreak ushered in the day ;
 That superstition would be swept away—

Mistaken estimate of human mind,
 For clear-eyed receptivity is rare to find.
 So knowledge fails to knock upon the head
 The life that lingers in the sottish head.
 With pall more darkling than our yule-tide sky
 Ecclesiastics strenuously try
 Bewildered intellects to overspread,
 And smother all the light that's in them bred.
 Authority, which loveth not the light of day,
 No scruples knows in seeking to retain its sway.

Natheless an eighteenth century alloy,
 For trinkets suited, or for childish toy,
 Not unrelated to the metal third,
 And mimicking the first in way absurd
 By sage observers is now held to be
 The proper symbol of the century.
 Some satirists with much success engage
 To prove that *Pinchbeck* dominates the age.
 'Tis so. That mongrel lays a rightful claim
 To stamp this spangled era with his name.
 He utters this humiliating cry,
 The truth of which no mortal can deny—
 "This bogus age is mine: for see I am
 The most appropriate symbol of the sham.
 My worth metallic may indeed be slight,

But superficially I am bright.

'Tis I, who claim hypocrisy to represent,
And guileful voice, that saith the thing that is
not meant :

Old sacred ceremonial use of meaning reft,
With tongue tucked into brazen cheek, and hand
passed over left.

Each modish feint and hollowness and make-
believe,

Or virtue, when 'tis purely false, and seeking to
deceive ;

All clinkant unreality, and all affected rant,
All specious pretences, and all Anglo-Saxon
cant ;

And every insincerity, and Anglo-Saxon cant ;
And every sort of humbug, and all Anglo-Saxon
cant ;

And all that's disingenuous, and Anglo-Saxon
cant ;

And all things that are spurious, and Anglo-
Saxon cant ;

And all the things that are 'so-called,' and
Anglo-Saxon cant ;

And impious propriety, unbacked by solid good,
That sinketh man beneath the line, at which of
eld he stood ;

Or thinking curiosity to stifle with a lie,
 Debases little intellects by driving them awry.
 Survive some antiquated eras as they may
 'Tis I, Pinchbeck, who am the Princeps of the
 day.
 See how I dandle on my knees the best Society,
 And see how they do yield my claim to their
 subserviency.
 My brummagem emotion glows at sight of
 loyalty:
 To me that dulia inane is very nice to see.
 I love t'observe the Levee"—where they angle
 bodies, which
 Would soon be straightened out again in answer
 to a switch.
 " Now what's the proper counterfeit, of which to
 make a throne,
 From which the strength and dignity are
 altogether flown;
 The orb (seek not its origin), the sceptre, and
 the crown,
 Not wanted for Justinians, but only [I regret to
 say that I have lost the rhyme for *crown*;
 but hope some day to be able to find it
 again. Meanwhile the reader is requested
 to excuse the incompleteness of this line];

And coronets that make the snobs upon their
faces fall

Adoring empty titles, not the legislative hall?

Why, surely *Pinchbeck* is the stuff of which to
make them all."

Ah, truly, that base counterfeit puts forth a
rightful claim

To stamp our world respectable with his offensive
name.

Ah, patient hearer, of such nasty things the
thought

Does make me feel so—queer. Aha! You've
brought

Some spirits strong! Your slings are my
delight:

But yet, were not my stomach in such qualmish
plight,

I should not be so ravished at the sight

Of "gobble," "gobble," "gobble," * * * hight.

I fear the subject matter has made you

In your inside feel nauseated, too.

Yes. Let us to the garden sweet repair—

That source of healthy bliss so lavish—There

Vivifie O, inhaled from the air,

Enlivening will prove, and we shall better fare.

FUTURE AGES.

Of any age to come we know not if there is an
element

Would rightly symbolise its mental character,
or moral bent.

Unknown is what is far away, or even at the
door

Of human habitations, to rejoice at, or deplore.

Sheer foolishness, or ignorance, or arrogance, is
shown by those,

Who speak as if the things to come must be as
they would choose.

In our haphazard politics one cannot confidently
say

If public self-respect will sweep a rabblement of
Peers away :

If unconcern and snobbery will still combine
t' uphold a throne,

Or men of mental dignity ere long rejoice to see
'tis gone :

If knighthood-seeking pens will still address
their lying flattery

To one, in whom illimitable wisdom they pretend
to see :

To one, in whose official title Irony itself doth
dwell—

A flagrant sarcasm, that constant usage even
fails to quell.

For mental poverty will more *More Leaves* the
present record break :

And will there be therein sufficient cups of tea
to fill a lake ?

A wider view to take in time, and in the human
race—

How soon, how far, will better sentiments the
bad displace ?

Will comfort and will comeliness be blasted by
respectability,

Or will they from its harassing and cramping
stare be ever free ?

And will a priceless ethical susceptibility

Still run to waste on mawkish decency, as now
we see ?

Will th' offspring of emotions exquisite, that in
us lie,

Be told to hang the head before mechanic progeny?

Or, will th' insatiable licit lechery be sniggered at,

Which crowds the nurseries without the where-with-all commensurate?

Will men misuse with gross impiety expressions like, "obscene,"

Or will they substitute for all irreverent taboos the view Divine?

For all Intelligence throughout the universe esteems absurd,

And worse, the way that noisome Prudery degrades a deed, or word.

And all men, who have knowledge and free intellects, discern

That common sense would Mrs. Grundy's senseless precepts burn.

In that respect, compared with nobler ancestors, we're sunk so low,

Resilience to more celestial thoughts is greatly needed now.

Yes: they saw things much more as viewed by Wisdom in the sky,

Which manifestly disapproves to-day's fig-leafer.

Churchgoing pleasant: easy Sabbath keeping:
will they still

Be thought the vacant place of kindliness to fitly
fill,

Of honesty, and equity, and truth? Will super-
stition's mode

Be held to make a better man than reasonable
honor's code?

Will they, who deem their teacher a divinity, and
call him Lord,

Continue to play fast and loose with his authori-
tative Word?

Will they ignore, as inclination bids, each bur-
densome behest,

Whilst shocked at those, who his authority dis-
own for all the rest?

How many more will Personal Equation's plead-
ing listen to

Than those, who Competent Observer's valid lore
desire to know?

At each man's moral right to toil or play upon
the week's first day as he may like

Will superstition and base selfishness blows
legal, and yet very wrongful, strike?

And will this superstition be allowed by dwellers
 in a fickle clime
 To lessen snatching farmers' opportunities in
 harvest time :
 Oft worsening thus, when rain abounds, of bread
 and hay the quality ?
 Or men in wrath declare a custom so injurious
 shall not be ?
 The eyes of coughing Club, and broken-winded
 Matchett ask us why
 So damaged was the hay. Truth oft replies—It
 was the *Lord's Day* lie.

Will clogging, cumbrous clothes be worn beyond
 the wearer's need
 Because a mad-brained modern modesty has so
 decreed ?

If certain 'twere that people, who are virtuous
 and wise—
 Whose happy heritage is one of noble qualities—
 Would multiply more quickly than the folk,
 whose character
 Is evil : then mankind will better be than now
 they are.

But if the vicious, snobbish, selfish, cruel,
 prudish, gross,
 Should add to their posterity more rapidly than
 those,
 Who are not so : it may with certainty be under-
 stood
 No inculcation will avail to make the issue good.

Behold with what unusual speed is stocked the
 pious home :
 The population therefor more religious should
 become.
 But then some day the saints may choose celi-
 bacy again,
 And thus diminish by a life of continence their
 own domain.

By some the mechanician's art is pointed at with
 pride :
 But do the mass keep step with him in his
 amazing stride ?
 We see, though great the skill, which frames the
 automatic press,
 It prints th' attenuated *Daily*, and the *Weekly*
Shallowness.
 The issue of superior publications is more rare :

The current taste is known to be for fiddle-faddle
fare.

When periodicals lie tabled for the first desirous
hand,

By wear 'tis seen how very much *The Flimsy's*
in demand.

The graver monthly, when its time is up, re-
maineth clean :

The quarterly, if cut, expires apparently un-
seen.

The white man now stands half-way 'twixt th'
Athenians of old

And negroes. But so high a rank he may not
always hold.

By tolerance of boarded horrors and of ugliness
'tis clearly shown

Our own community in taste and elegance is
lower down.

Fallacious may th' expectancy of Progress prove
to be

In intellect. Perhaps we're now more near
degeneracy.

Machinery is lessening intelligence, I trow :

An aptitude for drudgery in mills is wanted now.

The school will not the place of that old-time
Selection take,

Which gave advantage to the strong in mind
above the weak :

When carefulness and readiness to toil were not
enough :

But mother-wit was needful for the loaf and for
the roof.

Machinery is dwarfing now the stature at the
loom :

The small, paid equally, want less of food, of
clothes, of room

Than bigger people. So, in circumstances
easier, they,

With equal thoughtlessness, will multiply more
rapidly.

Some think that in th' industrial strife the white
man will be thrown

When working on new equal terms with yellow
men, or brown,

Or red, or black. It is conceived the lower types
will thrive

In crushes, that deny the whites th' ability to
live :

Unless, indeed, they should, through want, sink
gradually down,

Deprived of any characters that give a higher
tone.

How many are the animals that long the world
 did know,
 Of which no individual can be discovered now?
 It may be, ere th' *hominidæ* have colonised the
 sphere,
 They will before some microbe altogether disap-
 pear.
 Some little germ may make a prey of all
 humanity—
 Some germ till now innocuous and too minute
 to see.
 Or, may be, all will die of dread conventionali-
 ties;
 Or else, belike, be stifled in an atmosphere of
 lies.

E'en now may Evolution spy on land, or in the
 sea,
 Some creatures that will take our place with
 much propriety.
 Indeed, perhaps, successions come before the
 solar heat
 Abates so much that all the earth is in a winding
 sheet.

If other creatures ever rise to our degree of mind

How puzzled will they be our works throughout
the world to find.

Machinery will worry much their minds incipient;

And later they will try to find what our inscriptions meant.

WHAT IS HE WORTH?

STRENGTH, color, and docility, intelligence, and speed,

And all the points apparent that denote a goodly steed,

Saith *Apuleius*, in his *Self-Defence*, considered are

By any one, who seeks to buy a stallion, or a mare.

But trappings placed across the creature's back, however gay,

Do not increase the value of the horse in such array.

Analogously, he avers, you should esteem a man For what he is, so far as any one may ascertain. Possessions adventitious you should wisely disregard—

A title, or position, or illimitable hoard.

For anything extrinsical, that he may boast as his,

You should not, vulgarly, saith he, an individual prize.

A wretched Neo-Platonist was he, who idly twaddled so.

If living in this land of light, he would much better know.

THE OXFORD ADDRESS.

“LORD Salisbury’s view of the process of Natural Selection is peculiar to himself.” (*Professor A. Russel Wallace. Natural Science. September, 1894, p. 165.*)

“The burlesque of Natural Selection, with which Lord Salisbury amused the public.” (*Herbert Spencer. Nineteenth Century. November, 1895, p. 749.*)

“We find nothing in Lord Salisbury’s address [at the Oxford meeting of the British Association in 1894.] which shows the spirit of the student, or of the man of science.” (*Karl Pearson. Fortnightly Review. September, 1894, p. 339.*)

’Tis not in politics alone we find
A title maketh Britons parcel-blind :
So overcome with rev’rence that they fail
T’ observe they hold in hand a biased scale,
With which they weigh th’ ability of those,
Whose rank a just appraisement disallows.

Amongst the Votaries of Science, too,
A "Lordship" doth the judgment overthrow!

The Noble Salisbury was not the first
Who, failing in his subject to be versed,
Was cheered into a scientific Chair
Because of peerages he was the heir.

He scarcely owed at Oxford thanks to those,
Who let him there his ignorance expose—
His ignorance of that grand theory,
That gave new eyes to all who wished to see—
Of that momentous message that came forth
T' arrest the thoughts of intellectual worth—
Of that accumulated lore at Down
That made to heark'ning men their phylon
known.

This man of words, adept in flouts and jeers,
On any day for five-and-thirty years
Some knowledge of what Darwin *really* taught
Within the master's volume might have sought.
What folly not to study well the foe
Before he tried to work his overthrow!

One thought of times of old when men would
strike

At counterfeits of those they did not like :
 That, when their dolls received a murd'rous
 blow,
 Their enemy might likewise suffer so.

My Lord looked not ridiculous alone :
 For leader-writers were with him at one.
 They swore that Evolution had been slain,
 And never should we hear of it again.
 T' hypothesis (of which they knew as much
 As pigs) had died at the magician's touch.
 So "brilliant" was the speech, they all averred :
 Such "brilliance" shone from every weighty
 word.

Next year, at Ipswich, the address was "dull,"
 Because of valid knowledge it was full.
 Does "brilliance" spring from darkness, or
 from light?
 From darkness, if the "men of words" were
 right.

But not to "men of words" will Darwin yield,
 Nor prepossessions drive him from the field.
 A thousand facts, ten thousand, must be shown
 To be misread before he is undone.

PARVENUS.

OH, nigger-minded parvenu, banana-fingered
man,
Your breeding is the same as when your climbing
life began.
By wealth, won honestly, perhaps, you're hoisted
very high
To live a life uneasily of careful mimicry,
Or legally. But may one ask what rules and
hours knew
The toilers, by the travail of whose faculties your
fortune grew?
And say: if they were shown in gilded letters on
your mansion's door,
Would such a record make your new magnificence
seem less, or more?
Would readers of them think that you had
rightly gained a high estate,
Or rather that they all the credit for your rise
annihilate?
Would any passer-by exclaim—"How sordidly
this hoard was made:

And yet the owner likes to have his pitilessly
gotten wealth displayed."

With blood that's manifestly blood you hope
your son will wed,
Though mongrels, all too plainly such, can only
thus be bred.

As soon as dawns their intellect the offspring will
begin

To shun with great persistency their father's
lowly kin.

Unpleasant in the days to come the spectacle,
you'll think,

Of children, who from those you love are seen
with shame to shrink.

Now, should you to your native grade toboggan
down again,

A rank you are not suited for seek not to reattain.

When our associate planetoid sheds lustre o'er
the sky

Of being seen contrasted with such elegance be
shy.

It is a sight occasioning æsthetical distress

When you are thus conditioned—on a lawn in
evening dress!

'Tis then they say—"The artist does not wrong
him very much

What time a merry mischief gives his hand a
mordant touch.

Discernment aptly guiding his delineating style,
Anticipates that limner the appreciative smile
Of those who weekly struggle for the pages that
are square,

Where pictured is the ridicule of those that
longer are.

For millenaries many ere the westering Aryan
With glowing hope and enterprise his crowded
barks began

To beach on that sylvatic isle his seed would
over-run

Ground races dwelt within it that had thought
the land their own.

Of lower type by modern scientific estimate,
Although in homely worthiness they were
perhaps as great.

But, if a more plebeian caste essentially they
were,

From guessing that you issue from their loins
what does debar?

Prepotency will oft prevent a mingling of the
blood,

And you may represent the early dwellers in the
wood.

The Zodiac has circled overhead from then till
now

Observing the proceedings of the curious race
below :

To some good fellow of the cirque the opportu-
nity

Of speaking I will seek, and then will ask how
this may be.

When rolls along the Lady's Mile your equipage
bedight,

The Sun's unkind, if he on you doth cast un-
veiling light.

'Tis not before the bats come forth that you a
drive should dare

To take, oh linsey-woolsey marm, behind that
prancing pair.

Those scions of Poseidon's gift yield pleasure to
the eye,

And so in looks they damage you by their
nobility.

And croucheth in your lap a foe, that's more in-
jurious still,

Whose native beauty maketh yours t' appear
much less than *nil*.

Before the throng a grand display on making
you are bent ;

But far their eyes place you below your own en-
vironment.

“ More money I'll not spend t' excite the envy of
the crowd,”

You'd say, perhaps, if e'er their tongues declared
their thoughts aloud.

THE MUSIC POET.

“SWINBURNE has uttered no line that lingers in the memory ; has uttered nothing that resembles a thought. Mankind are not given to quoting Swinburne.” (*Encyclopædia Americana*, Vol. III., p. 630.)

One poet may have thoughts, that he to lucid utterance is fain to wed :

Another but align euphonious words, as children pretty beads upon a thread.

A reader may take lasting hold of verses yielding truth unto his grateful mind :

And yet for sterile lines, however gay, his memory may still refuse a place to find.

Abundant truly are the rhymes of one, of whose effusions showy much is heard :

But has one little particle of all the mass been ever made, as yet, a household word ?

(If one avers that also of the laureate's lifelong poetising this is true,

Maybe th' asserveration is not one that strict veracity would disallow.)

THE FOOT-PATH THIEF.

To helmet-peaks rise up saluting hands
Towards men, upon whose shoulders they
should fall :
From County Bench look down some rogues who
should
Be gazing up at spikes upon a wall.

But Justice overlooks the footpath thief,
Who is immune to righteous punishment,
Though, if She took her equity from me,
To prison labors he would soon be sent.

Bold enterprise showed highwaymen of old,
Who ran a risk of being hurried hence :
And even common robbers courage need :
Enough for footpath thief is impudence.

His purse he balances against the means
Of any, who may wish to fight a case :
There's not a Darwin always near at hand
To play the part of Hampden in a place.

That we are now a real democracy
 Is feigned by placemen, who cajole the mass :
 In one another's faces must they smile
 When bills with clauses treacherous they pass.

So now the village voters have the charge
 Of getting back to us our rights of way :
 But Parliament well knew how they'd be
 trounced,
 If e'er they dared t' oppose the toparch's sway.

An independent state-paid officer,
 Who, smiling at the scowl of grizzly bears,
 Gives all our losses back, though ne'er so old,
 May fate allot us in the future years.

The foot-path thief belongeth to a class,
 That always was to plunder sadly prone :
 The land itself they stole from those same fools,
 Who, lacking self-respect, restored the throne.

With barricades paths now may be annulled
 By seizers, who possess sufficient cheek.
 More frequently an owner publishes
 The claim he has to be esteemed a sneak.

For often, if from any single point

 A private path and one that's public go,
A notice proper to the former's placed
 That so it warneth off the other too.

And boards, that duly threaten trespassers,

 Are placed so close upon a lawful route
That so they seem, besides the fields and woods,
 To cover all the right-of-way to boot.

In places where footpassengers may go,

 But not a hoof, or any sort of wheel,
The stranger's told the *road's* no thoroughfare
 In terms that carefully the *path* conceal.

Then aid is sought from brooks that make a
 swamp

 Through wasted banks neglected carefully,
Or thorns that choke an alley in a wood,
 And fluster him, who seeks that way to hie.

It seldom giveth pleasure to a man

 The wreck of his own property to see :
Yet ruined bridges over rivulets
 May throw an owner into ecstasy.

One trick one hardly may denounce, though oft
 A stranger is deceived by the dodge,
 When thoroughfares appear no longer so
 With gravel smooth, and entrance-gates and
 lodge.

As heavy maledictions as were cut
 On boundary stones five-thousand years ago
 In crude Akkadian Equity would write
 On miscreants, who steal the footpaths now.

On private foe there ran from Ovid's pen
 A lengthy, poignant, multifarious curse :
 So I a public enemy denounce
 In not less hearty, though inferior, verse.

“ Now may the very absence of a path
 That your own greediness did abrogate,
 Cause you, oh, foot-path thief, to go astray,
 And bring on you a well-deserved fate.

With toil may you describe throughout the
 night
 Large circles in a much entangled slop
 Until you run upon some crusted mud,
 And find your feet a yard below the top.

May you be clutched as tightly as a fly
 By *Drosera rotundifolia*,
 Although your dreadful destiny be not
 Beneath that clammy mass to disappear.

Unable from such stocks your feet to draw,
 May you bethink you of the Dreamer's slough,
 And see how aptly he the word *Despond*
 Connected with the state, which now you
 know.

From hunger may you suffer and from thirst,
 And whilst those dreadful wants afford you
 grief,
 May your fixed state entail a plethora,
 From which you know not how to get relief.

And may coryza seize you by the nose,
 That soon assumes the hue of sepia
 From fingers that have grappled with the mud—
 'Twill draw from you that oldest root-word—
 Kah!

And may your dog be taken in a trap,
 That's set for vermin, or a poaching puss;
 And may his lifted muzzle oft emit
 Howls dismal, thrice-repeated, ominous.

And may you in imagination see
 Innumerable imps awaiting your demise
 Whenever to the swinging boughs above,
 Enshrouded by the gloom, you raise your eyes.

In situ may you stay till laughing men
 A dung-crome foul, to haul you out, shall
 bring,
 Your eyes as charm'd by that rude tool as were
 Queen Esther's by the sceptre of the king.

And may you learn, as soon as carted home,
 That all the wealth, for which your wife you
 chose.

Her promise-breaking relative bequeathed
 In such a way as makes her lachrymose.

En masse may all your cartridges explode,
 And render you insensible to sound,
 Unable more to hear your children's glee,
 Or e'en the village scandal on its round.

Then, if a shocking story, that involves
 An elder of the little meeting-house,
 They tell by signs, may you suppose they mean
 Th' imparsoner, whom you yourself did
 chose,

May landscapes lost to tourists fraudfully
 Be suddenly a memory to you,
 Your eyesight ruined by the shot of one,
 Who previously your hatred on him drew.

And may the earth, whilst your deceitful lips
 Are asking aid to keep the Eighth Command,
 Gape wide, and make your excretory heir
 A conscientious owner of the land.

Bèhold the doom that will you overtake,
Unless full restoration now be made :
 Oh, fear the commination, and do so,
 And thus the retribution will be stayed.

Itinerary rights alone are sought :
 There's no request for generosity,
 The exercise of which might make your friends
 Assume that you a lunatic must be.

And, therefore, if you're not of those, who find
 That useful 'tis to be accounted mad,
 We will not ask from you direction posts,
 Or seats to make the weary traveller glad.

TAMMUZ.

THERE was a mountain stream, which by
Phœnician Byblos ran,
Got reddened by the soil: a sight which led
myth-loving man
To found thereon a tale of death. The story
spread abroad,
In after years annexing more than one myste-
rious Lord.
The worship born thereof still lives in changed
and changing form:
It may survive some millenaries yet, or may be
near its term.

A SUGGESTION.

SUPPOSE the throne essential ; sure, much better
would it be,
If we a beautiful young damosel thereon did see.
How much would her traditional antipathy be
stayed,
If Erin saw upon the common throne an Irish
maid.

TO MRS. GRUNDY.

OH, muddle-headed and unwholesome female,
you
Have surely Torquemada in your blood and Tar-
tuffe too.
The love of persecution, which has left a shame-
ful stain
On history, is quite exuberant in you again.
An *Era of Deceitfulness*, as this is, suits you
well :
You revel in impostures, that all honest minds
repel.
Enchanted with th' hypocrisy distinguishing
this isle
You hesitated not therein to fix your domicile.
To wallow in a sea of falsity you deem so nice.
Taboo of all straitforwardness makes you a
Paradise.

EVENING DRESS.

Of alamodes that have their roots in vulgar-
mindedness,

Not least contemptible is that of wearing
“evening dress.”

If th’ upper circles ever gain a proper sense of
dignity,

This senseless moult crepuscular we shall no
longer see.

NARROWMINDED SYMPATHY.

ALTHOUGH, as citizens, they help that Govern-
ment to make,
That doth the welfare of three-hundred millions
undertake,
Some narrowminded folk, who never care to
study well
If all the best is done for those who in their
empire dwell,
On learning that some rogue has tried to steal a
man's estate,
Or that some wife has made an end of her
detested mate,
Discern therein a cause that holds their
sympathy for years.
Midst countless ills one spurious case of wrong
exhausts their tears.

A CAB some never hesitate to take to catch a
train,
Who yet are shocked to hear the Windsor stag's
been chased again.

Each one of countless collared slaves would
gladly take the place

Of any hornèd animal, that's nurtured for the
chase.

He'd hold himself in readiness to play the
quarry's part

If thus he might escape that everlasting cab, or
cart.

They are too many to engage a narrow
sympathy :

The troubles of a single beast is all that some
can see.

HYPNOTISM.

SOME animals won't meet a steady stare from
other creatures' eyes,
Lest, being hypnotised thereby, they give a
chance a foe would seize.
So maids solicited avert their orbs, or drop their
lids half way,
Lest, being hypnotised by gleaming globes, they
fail to answer nay.

OF land the limits orators dispute with vigor at
the bar :
Of good and evil, right and wrong, the limits the
philosopher.

Apuleius.

SHAKESPEARIAN tragedies still hold the foremost
rank : but I confess
To me a very little way below them stands the
drama, *Tess*.

TO AN ENQUIRER.

WHY I attempt to write in verse do you desire to know?

'Tis this—I've bought a "Rhyming Dictionary" in "The Row."

So am I like the sooty king, who needs to war must go,

Because of noisy powder he has got a keg or two.

Besides—my fancy told me that it was the Muse Inspired my tardy mind. How could I her refuse?

So cast not on the work so cross a frown.

I'm sorry for your taste. Oh, don't the book throw down.

Eh? Yes: I was just now confessing to myself aside—

And secretly to you alone, dear sir, the fact confide—

Although to cross my arms athwart my breast I greatly tried,

I did—before you spoke—regard th' attempt
with not a little pride.

Some lines, indeed, as you suppose, got rather
out of hand ;

How mulish verses often are, how restiff to com-
mand,

If you're a bard, you know. For now they race
ahead :

And then—flog on, flog on—you fear your lofty
thoughts will ne'er be said.

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